domestic

I look like this IRL!

Hello dear readers.

Does my appearance frighten you? It frightens me. But you could never have humility, you could never know my shame, and you throw me away. You won't even listen to a word I have to say, about our once great nation, about its frightful appearance on the global stage! But it's OK. Just knowing you've looked at me. To be seen by you. I feel redeemed.

IF I was younger, instead of essays I would make Patrick Bateman sigma edits, as a commentary on the subjective experience of being a void-person. #NotAllMen,ImSuicidal, that sort of thing. When I was fifteen, I got into an argument with my then-girlfriend about lesbian porn and the male gaze. I just didn't get what the big deal was as someone who from nine on was fixated on the orgasms of the male instruments, skip all this other shit, the sex is boring, where's the guy creaming. Women can't even cum. Or so I thought, until my wokeling mentor step-brother said that my use of the term "trap" for Link in The Legend of Zelda: Breath of the Wild was "not funny." Whatever man. But really that changed my life. I hopped on ContraPoints, I got woke. Did you know she still calls people tankies on Twitter? I think that's beautiful. But men cannot make their gender as they please, they make it under select circumstances, given and transmitted from their own history. I knew the shame of the phallus, I knew non-gendered existence, a sort of term "male" that is applied to you but means nothing. Masculinity as retracted voyeur, watching others do what I am too ashamed or afraid to. I inject that AstroVials© preem but I am still nothing. I wander the world aimlessly, cultureless, genderless; if my tribe exists I would not want to meet them.

So maybe I was projecting when I got into an argument on a Sewerslvt ex-fan Discord server going on about America being cultureless. But 'we have Thanksgiving'? C'mon man. I was so upset. I wrote an entire 750 words about it, posted it on the server, I think they just replied with something dismissive. Ever since I have been compensating, reading more, looking for anything to prove my points. I was lucky to find that this is a somewhat common critical theory point, and I have since refined my ideas on America and its place in the world; as a state, as a nation, as a people. This project, **domestic**, is a culmination of my own efforts in describing the subjective experience of being American as a form distinct from other forms of being. It is also an attempt to display clearly America's position as a state on the global stage, the balance of the national humors, the libidinal energies present in the air, what it potentially could be, what it can't be.

Naturally, it is also deeply personal. At least one thing in here is not related in any direct way to America, but it's included for the sake of posterity and as a portrait of the author. You *can* think this is about you, but it's about me. Steal my style, fuck my girl, whatever man. This is mine.

I hope you enjoy.

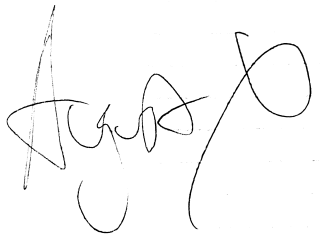


Table of Contents

Editor's Note.....2
Somnambulic Violence.....4
A Lifetime of Ambient Cuckoldry.....13
Losers: On Galleria Fiume.....14
Untitled 3 (Schizophrenia).....18
July 29.....24
A Thanks to the Sponsors.....32

Somnambulic Violence

1. A Theory of America

I'm driving super fast on Fury Road
I'd be careful boy, I'm in Trevor mode
I ride eternal, shiny, and chrome
Sun's going down, think it's time to go
- *Fury Road*, Sematary and Ghost Mountain

I often fantasized about a school shooting occurring in my school. Maybe when I was in elementary or the beginning of middle I imagined myself as the perpetrator, that era is shrouded by repression and internalization and I don't remember much of it, but I do remember some idle fantasies in class in later middle and high school. The school shooter would enter my upper-middle class public school, and as he began towards me and everyone else cowered in fear, I would hold my arms out and slowly approach him. I would give him Christ-like redemption. Maybe he would shoot me in the chest, but I would embrace him regardless, and I would press my lips to his ear and tell him that we loved him—that I, at least, loved him. This would defuse him, and he would break down crying, and I would tell him that it's okay. Everyone around would be shocked, as they could never imagine giving sympathy to him as I had. I would be lauded as a hero, a modern Gandhi-MLK-Christ but for the misbegotten suburban white boys.

I have one memory that's difficult for me to date. I'm in my room, throwing knives at a carboard box propped up in my closet. A swiss army knife, I think one that I got from the kitchen, that sort of thing. I put pillows inside of the boxes, I'm not sure why, my mom got upset with me for that. I had very few hobbies. I resented my environment, but that's not why I was throwing knives. The lights in my room projected glossy yellow over a room of grey and orange. It's night outside my window. My psychiatrist looks very confused by this point, so I say, I don't think it was consciously violent, but it likely was subconsciously. As a child I was always fascinated by implements of power. I think this childish impulse is very American.

The ideal of the frontier is often given as explanation for the restless American dreams of violence. I think this certainly was reality, but the frontier is gone, and so too its myths. The mythology of the cowboy and the Western, once primordially American, are now superseded by the police officer and the school shooter as foundational myths. The cowboy and the frontier were premised on the escape from mechanisms of control, the absence of the state in the sense typical to colonial missions—a glorified *Heart of Darkness*, an absence of society where violence is satisfyingly necessary. Terrance Malick's 1973 film *Badlands* takes place in this frontier reality. The drudgery of society is abandoned by a twenty-five year old man and fifteen year old girl in order to pursue more primitive survival. Power is a known quantity, sustained off of middle America gas stations and bullets. The characters really say very little, what they do say is almost

useless. There is no neuroticism here, no superego directing an idealist mission, it is innate, decisive, reptilian. Kit, our protagonist, is given the electric chair, but in his last scene he can only laugh.

Modern systems of control have helped to make the American mind much more neurotic. State power is tangible and near omniscient. The kids aren't having sex. A nation of three hundred million people has one billion eyes. The prelapsarian is maligned as autistic and placed into the periphery of the social panopticon. This is all to say that the previous conception of the cowboy has been transformed into the school shooter wholly, as presented in Porpentine Charity Heartscape's *Serious Weakness*.

We have portraits of two young men, one as the antithesis to the other, the reptilian and the neurotic, chaos and obedience, the male and its inversion. The collision of these two characters creates enough energy to essentially sustain the entire novel, with all others being pawns compared to king and queen Insul and Trianon. Insul: short, blunt, alien, almost "incel"; Trianon: eloquent, effeminate, European. To put a long story short: Trianon is an apprentice art conservator, Insul is a seasoned art destroyer, this is the circumstances in which they meet. Insul ends up kidnapping Trianon, and in typical Great American Novel fashion, they travel through a variety of American vistas, from inner Cali desert to dense west coast forest, all while getting up to romance and hijinks.

Trianon understands the world by breaking it down into a series of codes and laws by which his fate can be secured—he internalizes the idea of elite human capital, of IQ, and because of this he knows he is essentially an imposter. He is physically disabled, sexually incapable, socially autistic, an image of a life earned through pity and luck and desperate need rather than any of his own merit. But through his fear and trembling, he has managed to secure something of a normal position in society—a girlfriend, a cushy job, an apartment. Insul is almost a complete foil. He is completely non-neurotic, he's physically capable, he's attractive in a traditionally masculine way, and he completely rejects society. He can't visualize things in his head. He's a school shooter. Throughout the novel, Trianon's "soft" power, his illusion of security in society, is repeatedly broken down by Insul's "hard" power of real and tangible violence, and Trianon's security is shown to be a false security.

The frontier is recreated in the periphery of society, in the desert, in suburbia, in everyone's willingly blind view. Insul comes to represent not just a lone wolf but an image of America's most repressed desires. He is a pure image of the warband father, carving his way through society in blindingly sensational images, where power is both a literal and figurative fetish object. Trianon is conquered as a war trophy from the clutches of normative society. Insul's idyllic society has large Tenochtitlan-esque pyramids where sacrifices are made in the name of violence. He could be called "savage," but he is largely normal, just a concentration of America's libidinal forces.

Worse than the non-existence of society in hyper-atomized future-present America, Trianon's situation is built on his own fear and belief that Insul really *can* be less than human, a pure masculine signifier, but this is ultimately a fantasy. Insul's relationship with Trianon is not contradictory, as the homosexual relation is not inherently anti-masculine,

> Among the Greeks, where the most manly men were found among inverts, it is quite obvious that it was not the masculine character of the boy which kindled the love of man, but it was his physical resemblance to woman as well as his feminine psychic qualities, such as shyness, demureness, and the need of instruction and

> help. As soon as the boy himself became a man he ceased to be a sexual object for men and in turn became a lover of boys.
>
> *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality*, Sigmund Freud

it's his own belief of his inhumanity, as an instrument of power and violence, as a repressed monolithic block of marble that is his contradiction. This is not some biological reality, Insul is not insane or an evil genius but shown to be more naïve than anything else, as emotionally fragile as Trianon, a traumatized fuckup that just decided to bifurcate in a different path from Trianon from their very similar starting points. His externalization of society's mores back into it only serves to distract from his own essentially perverse (in a Freudian sense) upbringing. His homosexuality is outgassed through his entire body into violence—he's a repressor, much more chronically than Trianon in many regards.

Serious Weakness is wonderful. It puts to word the spirit of modern America as seen from its social periphery more brilliantly and articulately than most could ever hope to put to thought, all without the drudgery of the Twitter scroll or the digital world at large. Inversely, there's always a very present sense of space, a space in reality that Trianon is forced to live in and everyone else is trying to avoid. The entire story is told in pseudo-third-person, usually trending towards Trianon's point of view of his own kidnapping, and as such every environment is frantically scanned over, searched for exits, for a chance, for some way to escape his downward trajectory towards death, literal or figurative. In some ways, even more powerful than Insul's literal strength is his ownership of a vehicle throughout much of the book, allowing him to bisect Trianon's life with America's ubiquitous highways, ravenous speed violently dislocating Trianon's sense of time and space. The car is also, of course, the instrument which Trianon uses to attempt his final escape from Insul, and further commentated on in the novel as an instrument of power, such as in the classic line, "Everyone is a faggot when you’re in a truck." Together, this contributes to the running theme in *Serious Weakness* that Insul is merely the reflection of an essentially, mundanely violent society.

The collection and destruction of objects of power, such as the gun and the car, are endemic to the American way of life. Talk of regulation on these objects invokes religious fervor—there's a mythic banality to them. Whenever there's a protest here, the ritual burning of cars is a forgone conclusion. There's currently a small army of dead Waymo soldiers burning red and beautiful in LA. Like bread and circuses in Rome, cars and guns form "intoxicating permission" structures for the state to act unabated, materializing freedom from some ideal to the concrete, the freedom to the highway, the freedom to slaughter. Conservatives of the libertarian bent (most of them) in America still desperately hold onto the myth that the guns they wield are tools of justice, that some day they can valiantly march on the White House and remove America from the yoke of tyranny. But they will never do this. Americans are fat, dumb, isolated, medicated consumers at the center of the world. There are no contradictions in American society so stark that anyone in possession of a gun will use it for more than a nihilistic assassination or the protection of their property rights, let alone are the conditions there to create a militant mass movement. Modern political violence in America is typically ideologically incoherent, lone wolf shooters who became radicalized from @LindyMan shooting the first politician-shaped thing they see, belligerently dividing the world into black and white on the flip of a dime. Allostatic pressure building up until it's purged in frenetic energy into cafeteria walls. A public performance where your own internal struggles can be materialized in blood and broadcasted out to the world. In this sense, the school shooting is the highest end that guns can provide in America. This is the practical liberation of the individual to enact justice.

Baudrillard points out that every interaction in America is charged with somnambulic violence. The smallest collision of two people will surely result in "unbearable, sexual demands, requests for money or affection." Contact is avoided in this atomized society for this very reason—everyone is alien from everyone, interaction can only imply some desire to be recognized, a lack of self, and therefore everyone is a threat. But I believe it is much more active than just this realization of an atomized society. Americans want bloodshed, consciously or subconsciously. They want the Mississippi to flow red, Waco one thousand times over, they want the earth to be salted and for the cities to be levelled into the great desert that defines America's cultural home. Atomization has not bred just a desire to be recognized, but also an opposite desire to get rid of the society entirely, an animosity brewing in every individual for every other individual, a world of main characters and NPCs that can only be resolved by national suicide. America's most notable domestic genre was at one point the western, but in the 2000s it was superseded by the apocalypse film, the scenic vistas of desolate, abandoned highways and destroyed financial centers speaking more to the modern American mindset, the libidinal desire for annihilation. Alex Garland's *Civil War* is essentially an anti-political exercise in this sort of pornographic display of the corpse of America. We all want to kill our neighbors.

Are Americans born this way? Has alienation struck America hardest, while Europeans and Asians and Africans still get along fine after capitalism has fractured their societies? Or, would German kids start shooting up their schools given the means to do so? I don't think any of these could be true. Americans are just as violent as anyone else, the key difference is that Americans are an essentially vulgar people.

Since America's establishment, the specific form power can take here has never been questioned. It has been and always will be an alliance of territories with near-unilateral sovereign authority in their lands. Only when this form of power is challenged—i.e. 1861—can conflict erupt, but even then, the North won and their first decision was to end Reconstruction and bring home rule back to the South. A confederation of sovereign states. Does this sound familiar? It should, as it was the guiding principle of state formation for nearly every people present on the American continents before the Yanquis. In Europe, they might delegate most national powers to a parliament of faceless perverted bureaucrats, but here, we directly elect a national father, whose charisma matters far more than any policy ideas. Our most European aspects of state—separation of powers, parliamentary discourse, political parties—do not operate correctly. Either the entirety of the state apparatus acts as one long arm of the leader or the whole system seizes up. Americans are a people of images and potlucks, primordial and parochial. In Europe, they make all these cerebral ideas and ideologies, but here they're materialized and made vulgar. Fascism becomes a series of spectacles that culminate in breeding, out-breeding the other from the humid, virile center of the world. Leftism has not evolved past a binary good and evil vision of society. The DSA is actually—of course—one million smaller caucuses, not a unified national movement.

This seems to be at odds with America's postwar image of the capitalist superpower, however. Capitalism is typically culturally defined as a solvent, breaking up traditional parochial structures so that all can be captured under the economic oversight of perverted penny-pinchers and bean counters. America is more of a series of highways than a nation, circling and circling down into the Earth but never arriving at any center. Capitalism is one of the only deterritorializing forces which doesn't leave anything in its wake. This apparent contradiction is one of the only major wedges in American society. But America is most at peace when this contradiction is allowed, when the father of America looks to the American people and says, this is okay. Your consumption is shameless. Most American contributions to global capitalism have been

particularly genital, vulgar—the spectacle, consumerism, (modern) advertising. All serve the same end: the transformation of society into a set of symbols and images. Society is materially broken apart but symbolically connected in a united fetishism of objects.

Perhaps a truly liberatory vision of America will not try to forcefully enlighten the masses but rather embrace and engage the cultural substrate already present. Insul's pyramids seem more likely to get built than anything the DSA is trying. Americans already believe in what is essentially a syncretic mix of all religions—when you die you will see the great Arian teacher Christ, as he weighs your karma against your spirit and chooses your next destination for reincarnation. It's time to recognize that Americans are not descendants of Europeans. There is no grand Western tradition that ties Rome to Portland. We are all children of Natives. If Cortés came to the shores of Long Island today, he would have all of us killed as kinslayers and pagans. We are a proud race of school shooters and sodomites.

> In Mexico, in a lake called Patzcuaro, there is a little island called Janitzio. 2350 meters above sea level a stunning landscape opens up before visitors: tranquil waters, mountains, torturous slopes, a sky so close you can almost touch it with a finger. Descendants of a proud race, the Tarascan Indians did battle against the Spanish conquistadors. They were beaten, and they adopted the Christian religion of the invader: but the saints whom they revere have kept the character of ancient divinities: the Sun, the Water, the Fire and the Moon. The Tarascanos are skilled in leatherworking and woodcarving, silversmithing and weaving wool. They are just as good fishermen. When they haul in their nets (strange things that look like huge butterflies) they are always swarming with fish. And although they are hard workers nowadays, the Tarascans remain very primitive. Indeed they consider life a transitional state, a brief moment that we must pass through to reach the blessing of death. Death no longer means an inevitable doom but on the contrary is considered a good, the only good thing whose value cannot be calculated. This is why the Day of the Dead is not a day of sorrow for the inhabitants of Janitzio. The party kicks off early in the morning. The houses are decorated for the festival and all the images of the saints are decorated with lace and paper flowers. The portraits of the dead are displayed and lit up with dozens of candles. The women cook the favorite meals of their dead relatives so they will be satisfied when they come back to see the living.
>
> In the cemetery behind the church the graves are also decorated, which, very often, are without names. There are no funeral inscriptions in Janitzio! But the dead are not forgotten. The road from the cemetery to the village is completely covered with flower petals so that the dead can easily find their way home.
>
> The women of Janitzio are beautiful on the Day of the Dead. They comb out their long dark braids and put on silver jewelry. The costume consists of a long red skirt, with wide pleats, fringed in black. The embroidered blouse disappears under the rebozo, which covers the head and shoulders, and out of which often pokes the little head of their newest born child. At midnight the women all go together to the cemetery and kneel to pray for their dead loved ones. They light up the candles, the biggest in honor of the adults and the smallest for those who left this “vale of tears” too early. Then they give themselves up to meditation, which little by little translates into speech. Thus begins the litany which is not one of sorrow, but which expresses the communion between the living and the dead.

Language bearers
Photographers
Diary makers
You with your memory are dead, frozen
Lost in a present that never stops passing
Here lives the incantation of matter
A language forever

2. A Theory of Inverted Masculinity

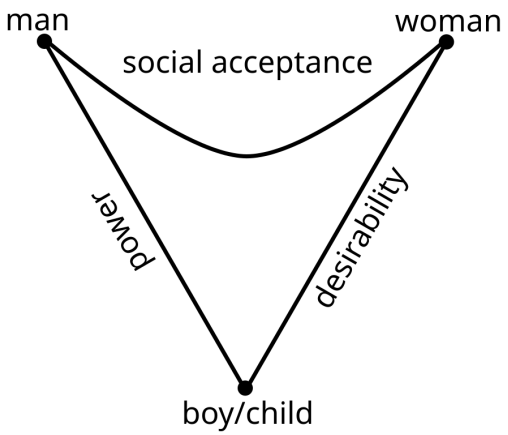
I was shameless as a child, as we all were. I first encountered pornography on a whim while browsing the internet on my mom's MacBook Air, I can only remember watching a YouTube video and then, suddenly, I'm recursively going down a rabbit hole of porn ads. Big Jugs, Thirteen Hot Teenage Sluts NEAR YOU, Brazzers 10x speed gif step-sis gets creampied by big brother and mom walks in, etc. I was somewhere between seven and ten, and I quickly took my mother's laptop into the bathroom, aware that this was something specifically perverse and shameful. My chin was barely above the marble of the sink's countertop from where I watched the monitor. This was my first introduction to the sexual object, as well as the beginning of an adolescence of isolation and shame.

My mother returned to her laptop to find that the entirety of her Safari history was filled with pornography. I avoided the blame for this—she barely even recognized me as capable. My sister's friend Hailey took the fall, and we never saw her again. On some level this was even worse than taking the blame, building an interpersonal guilt on top of my shame, but I was thankful at the time.

Encountering porn before puberty, I was very confused why I was not able to cum like the men I saw in the videos. Was I doing something wrong? Is my body broken? The oracle said I had erectile dysfunction, but as he saw my frown, he smirked and offered a few special techniques. So, this is how before puberty I was already aware of the concept of edging and the prostate. This is likely the cause of a certain anal-retentiveness, a neurotic fixation on delaying pleasure and building tension, and certainly an amount of castration anxiety and emasculation.

I say all this to attempt to begin to answer the question of who I am, what my desires are, and why I am related to the people that I am. The roots of my neuroses and current gender identity.

First, it needs to be recognized that gender is both subjective experience and social reality. It is principally a performance which determines social expectations. To be a male you need to meet certain aesthetic as well as psychic qualities—the will to power, confidence, self-reliance, governed by the phallic signifier. To be a woman you need to mirror this, being shy, demure, incapable. The idea is that these are complementary halves which can fulfill the heterosexual circuit of desire—in reality, we paper over our fundamental asymmetry with a mediating sexual fantasy of the other. Childhood is typically seen as the process by which individuals from a nondifferentiated starting point bifurcate into men or women, either by becoming a powerful subject or a desired object. The physical traits are simply results of sexual dimorphism, the psychic traits are learned by gender-specific socialization.



Trans people were invented in 2014 by Barack Obama in order to subvert this natural order. Now, you can move across the plane of gender nonlinearly, moving from the male pole to the female pole or vice versa at will. You can inject hormones into your body and look like a girl, or even a boy. Years of Gaze can be undone in a few sessions in unlearning your internalized toxic masculinity. This was a very appealing idea to me. I have always been very alienated from women, but being an object of desire—that sounded like something I wanted. My life was high school cafeteria, being observed in a similar nature to the chairs or the tables, an element of the natural environment that could be forgotten as quickly as it was taken in. A personhood most similar to an unfinished block of marble. I recognized myself as male, but really only insofar as male is the fallback state of society. I also recognized an apprehension towards wanting to become more male, a sense of shame in exercising my phallic rights, that I was not deserving, that it was an implement of harm, that I was incapable, and already had failed out of my chance of being male. Arrested masculine development.

I was nice. Just a neutral observer to the heterosexual relation—sure, deriving sexual pleasure from watching—but this is the only way I could imagine healthily venting my sexual desire. But I craved any sort of attention, affection, I could see no way forward for me within masculinity. Images of my father come to mind: divorced, alone, hermit-by-choice. Zero Two ass mousepad on the desk. So, I trooned out. Can you blame me? I got on Amazon, I got the skirts, fuck yes bro. I started estrogen in my first semester of college. But the distance between me and women remained—I could transform my appearance, but there were certain aspects of my socialization which I had no desire to change; interests, mannerisms, sexuality, something "male" that was not traditionally masculine. Even if I wanted to become the socially perfect female, I spent my adolescence playing Team Fortress 2 and jerking off. Muting my mic while playing Rust with my two friends so I can get off in a corner of the map somewhere. There was a fundamental gap.

Over time I began to accept this kind of inverted masculinity. It seemed this was actually very common, masculinity as asociality, hikkis and Mountain Dew, porn and Titanfall 2. The will to power of masculinity is reconstituted into a resentment of the world, or of a specific caste of people; society is overly complex and complicated, confusing, and must be decomposed into understandable parts—good and evil. Shame and pride intermingle into a kind of perverse justice. Childhood is compulsively repeated and never left. Sexuality as pornographic simulation only makes the bridge between the subject and their alienated sexual object even larger, with a tendency for that sexual object to become more abstract, fetishized, perverse over time. This experience is mine. But the distance I was able to gain from it through transition allowed it to not only be recognized but also romanticized. It's ultimately childish, cute in a way, and, I argue, able to be sublimated into a higher form.

The causes of repression and this repetition compulsion are well known and fairly studied within psychoanalysis, obviously trauma plays a part here. But I don't think the event of the inverted male can be disentangled from their consumer behavior, a life of simulation has to be recognized as an extension of that simulation. Video games and porn act as routes for both Thanatos (death drive) and Eros (pleasure drive) to escape an otherwise completely repressed subject, or else they explode violently outwards into school shootings or rape—or inwards, suicide. The alienation of men is thus refined into a market segment which produces its own libidinal circuits parallel to that of society through these highly sensory, hyperreal images: porn as hyperreal sexuality, a sexuality which does not exist outside of itself, first-person shooters as hyperreal violence, sensational gory explosions, 360 cross-map headshots. The inverted male is the male captured by the flows of capital.

Inverted male aesthetic tastes tend to lean towards the synthetic—anime girls, hyper-sugary and artificial drinks (Monster, Red Bull, Mountain Dew), the internet at large. Incels, a subtype of the inverted male, have always been neurotically obsessed with decomposing the female race into a sexual hierarchy, where the standard for a female is almost completely separate from the average, real female. This is obviously becoming of a group that only perceives women through hyperreal images, becoming like jewel beetles attempting to mate with the spectacular shininess of beer bottles. They are lost and confused as to why they cannot fulfill their desires, and decide to concede to an impossible sexual object.

Returning to *Serious Weakness*, the novel presents another way to escape this impossible desire-circuit of invert-men: relocating the sexual object in the people surrounding them—they become fags. In escaping the digital world and its implicit normalization of itself, the hyperreality of modern society becomes blindingly alien, comedic. What was imagined to be only a sensory possibility through a screen is made real through violence and sex. As previously stated, it is a return of two miserable inverts to a more basal reality of survival, in which they are reinvented. This gives *Serious Weakness* an oddly hopeful lining, that the hyperreality offered by capital is not the epitome of Thanatos or Eros, and that a sense of real struggle and pleasure can still be found that is in fact more stimulating than any escapist forms. There is a future for us inverts, if only through faggotry and death.

> The power of death signifies that this real world can only have a neutral image of life, that life's intimacy does not reveal it's dazzling consumption until the moment it gives out.
>
> *Theory of Religion*, Georges Bataille

> And from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.
>
> Matthew 11:12

A Lifetime of Ambient Cuckoldry

I dreamt again about the Denver airport. Just wandering the concrete. Wake up one place fall through to the next. I pick up my phone and I can hear your voice but you can't hear mine so I just keep going "can you hear me?"

"Can you hear me?"

"Can you hear me?"

I can't believe how soft it is inside you. But I can't really get hard. So I just stare at you and rut against your insides. You're so pretty. It's a shame. It feels like I'm just touching my mother in her sleep.

I pick up the phone. My dad asks "Are you getting the surgery?"

"No."

He pauses and asks, "Are you okay with getting impotent?" before describing the properties of his own dick, made limp and emasculated through years of insulin analog dependency and weed dependency and jerking off to anime girls and watching right-wing commentators.

"I don't really care."

My stepdad mounts my mother in bed while I lay at the foot of the canopy. I turn up The Smiths on the laptop she gave me and close my eyes and whince everytime the compressed squelch of the mic sounds like a kiss.

Finally she relents. I'm shaking so much I can barely put the condom on. I was begging for a while so I could finally prove I wasn't a virgin faggot loser who hadn't experienced sex-gnosis but once I'm inside her I can't help but think of how much better anything else would feel.

I can bear to watch you hug her for just a moment before I stare at the kitchen tile of your best friend's house.

You ask me in the car, "Is anything wrong?"

"I don't really want to talk about it right now." I imagine my dad slamming the car door, speeding down I-81. I must be ill. I just wish you wouldn't lie. "I just don't think it's going to work out."

It's been months but each time I talk to you I still want nothing more than for it to slip out. A moment of weakness. "You're pathetic." Paint me as I was when I was sixteen, alone in my room, dopamine receptors burning out. Tell me what I am. But you can't. You just stare and stare and stare.

Losers
On Galleria Fiume

This is the group of new intellectuals subverting the culture. The vibe has shifted -- and these are the tradcath mavericks pushing the wheel of history. These forty college students playing prom have big ideas about art and society, though, if you were to ask any of them about it, they'd mostly just tell you how giddy they are to say "retard." Fifteen women putz around a white warehouse in the Chelsea district and all of them have literally *schizo* ideologies, and you're expected to care. Do you? Do you care?

The recent Fiume gallery in New York sells itself as "a Futurist space heralding in a new rising class of artists for the regime ahead." It's easy to get caught up in the words of this statement and the questions it creates, but the gallery isn't really about that, and its founder, Rachel Haywire, doesn't really seem to care. Despite its own insistence that Fiume is the embryo of the new real vitalist movement, that it is the forbidden underbelly of the censored art world, that it is even a gallery, it's solely a *vibes* project. It does not exist to represent a class of existing art or artists or embody a concrete set of ideals, it's all reference, it's all simulation. The job listing sent out for runway models reads: "Requirements: Models with a strong presence and the ability to embody a commanding, dark feminine aesthetic... Expect professional photography and press coverage at the gallery opening on May 10." Cut to opening, and it's almost impossible to find out what actually happened. The few clips scattering social media portray a mostly empty, quiet room, with some women just kind of wandering around aimlessly, one of them waving an anarcho-capitalist flag. The art is all amateurish and not very interesting, let alone avant-garde or forbidden. It's bad paintings and phonk edit visuals. It's all just kind of sad.

Surely, though, this project must be political in some part or way. After all, it's a "futurist space," it's founded by the author of *The New Art Right*, who at some point called herself a "fascist aspie." She's read Nietzsche and desperately wants you to know this: "I left the yuppie occult den of poly drama forever. Relationship terminated. I was an Individualist Anarchist. *The Ego and its Own*, right? I was armed with my copy of *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* in my spiky black backpack—the backpack still covered in playa dust. I knew I had to go out to the goth club. It was me, Stirner, Nietzsche, and the goth club against the world. Burning Man had become too light. It was too fake, too mainstream liberal. I need darkness and extremism." This is cultural provocateur Rachel Haywire we're talking about!

When I was younger, I was very invested into the idea of ideological organization, and by this, I of course mean the political compass popularized by Wayne Brittenden. I would frequent some forums about it, see all the arguments between people calling themselves anarcho-nihilists and superfascists and what not, it was all very stimulating for a young boy with a growing interest in systems and categorization, all very embarrassing now. The political compass is, of course, not a robust system of political analysis -- it has one plea, which is "libertarianism exists!" It's forced to deal with questions like "are tariffs leftist or rightist?" and "is multiculturalism antiauthoritarian?" which are really categorical errors, but, still, there was some value in its presentation. However, as time passed and the popularity of the political compass grew, I became more and more frustrated with the community surrounding it. Each quadrant of the compass took a life of its own, separate from its original constraints of beliefs of economics and state authority. "Libleft" isn't just the circle of anti-authoritarians and anti-capitalists, in fact, it's

not really about either of those things at all. It's actually about being antiracist and woke, and maybe being poly or trans too. "Authright" is the corollary to this, the antiwoke pro-racism quadrant. Economics and authority are relinquished to the "authleft" and "libright," and basically if you hate capitalism you probably love Stalin and if you love capitalism you can really only be Ayn Rand. You may notice that in this process of anti-abstraction, the whole impetus for the creation of the political compass has been sidelined, and the quadrant form has been reduced to essentially one left-right axis, and libertarianism no longer exists.

This process of anti-abstraction, or rather *parodization*, is innate to pretty much every modern political discussion. The era of fizzy thoughts being allowed to float along in the heavens is over, and now they must all be brought down to Earth as parodies. This is what we call modernity, and it was thought impossible until America achieved it, and now we are all the worse for it. America, where freedom is the speed of the highway and the centerless city, and futurism is an empty art gallery, and subtlety does not exist. America, where the president is a parody of a fascist, that sabre-rattles with states already under his dominion, and enforces autarky in the empire that owns everything through trade. America, where politics do not exist. *Of course* the "Galleria Fiume" is totally void of politics. Haywire desperately wants you to believe this is a revolutionary, extremist, forbidden political project, but to attempt to get a grasp on what those politics actually are is an exercise in futility. Like all of these new right culture movements, politics to Haywire is not laws and economics and statecraft, it's more, like, have you ever seen Death in June? They dress like fascists, they support fascists, they dislike anti-fascism, they sampled the Hitler youth, they put the anthem of the Nazi party on an LP, etc, etc. But you read the interviews, you read the lyrics, and you realize -- wow! These people are valueless. Their attachment to fascism is solely vibe-based. It's hate and destruction, it's extremism, it's dark and edgy, but the sign has no interiority. See also Kanye West and his new album.

There will never be a "new regime" because Haywire cannot imagine anything new, and this will forever be the irony of her "futurism." Fiume and the other new right "movements" are just young adults going to parties, who also happen to be edgy. They do not create anything. If they are moving the culture, they are moving it in a shallow circle. Really, I wish they created things! I feel the cultural malaise that Haywire misidentifies but nonetheless recognizes, and it is something of a tragedy that despite her intentioned efforts, she has created nothing more than the signifiers she begun with.

I am terrified that I, too, will become like Haywire, desperately clinging onto images of Marx and Debord and Baudrillard, marching around the street in my M65 and beret, maybe shouting slogans with a group of others that affirm me completely, and, worst of all, thinking I'm *cool* doing it. I also know what futurism is. I also know who Mishima and Bataille are, and Nick Land, and I've even read a couple sentences by them. And, I admit, I've even thought they were cool. This is my greatest sin. My only escape from the vibe-based perception of reality haunting others was the constant, quiet nagging at the back of my subconscious, telling me, endlessly, that these people are *losers*. Mishima died like a dog for nothing. Land had something going with the whole lemurian aliens thing or whatever, but ultimately created essentially nothing of worth, with the coining of the term accelerationism as a uniquely evil plight on humanity. The grifters that ape them are *obviously* losers. They hover around these pillars of aesthetics like moths, trying to reflect the fading light off their bodies for just a moment longer to attract the attention of the others. The motto of the new right milady owner Peter Thiel transplant is "just do things," but none of these people have or will produce anything. They are the cultureless product of the nation of unculture, who can only speak in ghastly imitations of the dead and parade around each other, all assured that they are the center of the procession.

The luxury previously afforded only to the owning classes of becoming pure advertisement has finally trickled down to the masses. You are a set of beliefs about the world that are completely void of a center. You do not belong to the world, a people, a cause, your only end is to be seen in the same manner an AVN attendee watches pornography. You have entered the value chain as a commodity to be judged and weighed and inevitably consumed. Queso at Chipotle: Not fake news. We're called the National Futurist Party, because we're National Futurists, and have parties. It's really a play on words. The obviously repulsive man, the last that will listen to her, presses his face closer to the lens and says, "Legionaries, we should all aspire to be like Duchess Haywire." On the reflection of his glasses, you can see a quarter of his monitor is dedicated to a Chrome tab open to the territorial extent of the Roman Empire over time, another quarter to Omegle, where you can see him holding his own cock. Are you ready for the next vibe shift? Your children will wear swastikas and march through the street cranking out Roman salutes like crisp 90s in Fortnite while abiding faithfully to the grammatical rules of modern ebonics. They recognize that this is the most efficient route to social acceptance, just as you realized referencing any leftist idea in public outside of the vaguest "killing people is bad" remark gets you put in the same camp as the kids who'd play *The Internationale* on the bus, who didn't realize they were advertising a cringe, autistic type of rebelliousness. This is the world you have created, whether you recognize it or not.

Some final words from Haywire herself:

> A moment of epiphany. These scenes and these archetypes. The characters and styles rotate, yet their underlying structures remain the same. No matter how much authenticity gets removed from the original versions, the new iterations of the products will always carry on the memetic virus. Spenglerian subculture theory by Rachel Haywire, there you go. We’re all playing these roles, convinced we’re main characters in a world that revolves around us. At these desert festivals and goth clubs and parties the world really *does* revolve around us. Yet outside? Nobody knows we exist.. I’d been alive for more than a full cycle now, looping through the same characters in different incarnations of different subcultures, watching the world spin in these familiar patterns. Eternal recurrence. I’d been performing live for so long I could no longer tell where the performance ended and where I began.. Are we moving forward, or are we doing the exact same thing again?

Аутлайн

Untitled 3 (Schizophrenia)

I can feel the ants. Picking in between the coarse hairs on my thighs, following my reservoir of sweat instilled into the mattress back to the source. Licking up the thick saline discharge in my palm, traversing down the sedimentary layers of mucus, from when I was first looking at Japanese upskirt videos, to when I began thinking about my ex, and then began involuntarily bucking my hips to videos of her cutting her legs. But in this afterglow, I can't begin to bring myself to care about the bugs. I can only close my eyes, as that soft opiate-esque mesolimbic euphoria washes over me, and turn up the shitty music ("GOOOD IIIIIS DEAD, AND NO ONE CARES"), and close my eyes in an attempt to let this moment last as long as possible. And in my waking dreams, I can see a familiar shape begin to form. I'm at my computer again, observing and existing in its screen, playing a kind of game that I have a million times before, but can never put a name to. Visions of my house as it was. Stepping through rooms of fur and vinyl, then ceramics, glass, genetic memories of steel, concrete hericoplanes, and mortar. And as I pass through to the basement it shifts again, resin pouring down cathedral wooden spines, bog mummy floorboards, roaring flames licking up my chest, tapping at my sternum with beady limbs, before my head is pushed down into the mud, and when I lift it again, I find my wrists deep inside the warm center of a cairn, or kurgan, surrounded by nightly totemic poles. They lean forward in unison, and I can hear one beginning to speak in a language I do not know, but slowly begin to parse, as if hearing my mother tongue spoken to me for the first time in a millennia. After falling down its phonetic tunnels of churning and grating and grinding, of perpetual *refinement* of a pure circular datum, a moment of clarity strikes me, and I can hear clearly its message. "You are An Elite Amoral Superman. You are The Epitome of Human Capital. Stop taking Your Lexapro." And as sudden as my cognizance, I wake up in a frantic shudder, and pull an ant out of my ear.

I went on a walk through my hometown recently. After some twenty yards of trudging through the ditch next to the blacktop, I began to approach the main drag of town, four lanes flanked by an assortment of service industries—spas, car washes, gas station, fast food, bars, the CVS. They seemed to bow out towards me, inviting my worthless feet to step in their echelon halls, many of which I had never seen before despite living here a long time. I walk inside a small furniture store, not looking for anything in particular but allowing myself to buy something, though the irregular cubic footprint of the shop barely housed any furniture at all. The only piece of furniture in the room was an outside couch placed inside, an ugly thatch thing. The rest of the store was devoted to little ornaments and cups, all labeled with things like "Girl Math" and sharing a shocking uniformity, as if they had all been ordered the previous night from Temu. I was scared, it's scary in a place like this. I quickly left. The next door was closed, but it had a flyer up on it for a newly arriving business: "Patty Pleasure," an exciting blend of exotic snacks, acai bowls, and vegetarian options. And next to that one too, another store opening, presumably a smoke shop as inferred from its logo, however all the text of the flyer has formed an unstable colloid on the page and appears to be leaking down the cardstock. There was one place I used to like, just a standard brick oven pizza place, but it got sold and now its some type of bar. I went there once.

I can't really remember it. Next to it is a movie theatre, that was fairly run down and old, which showed strange experimental films that no one ever went to. But then it was sold as well to a guy who's favorite movie is *Back to the Future*. I don't think airing Disney films has made more people go in. I buy a Monster Vril Juice and begin walking towards the park, but on the way I end up encountering two people I used to know from school. Long time no see! Far, far too long, right. Been a while. They ask me what I've been up to, I tell them I have a job at a diner. I quit it the day before but I don't have the courage to say that all I really do is, well, I'm not sure. This. As soon as I see them I begin to recall a few codes which might allure them to me. There was one kid in my high school friend group who was autistic and we all made fun of him and his dad owned an air conditioning company. He liked MC Virgins and meme rap to the point where he had begun to infiltrate the local rap scene, which was limited, to say the least, in the blank region of New York state. He coined a term, 'syrazy,' (lit. 'Syracuse' + 'crazy') as part of this effort. There was also another term, 'densta,' which began as a means to demean one of the only black kids in our school, but like most slurs became a kind of thing you just sort of say for fun sometimes, and illicit some easy shock laughs. But considering these two people from my childhood in front of me were principally engaged in the theatre program and not much else, I didn't think they would be very impressed with my knowledge of the localized racial lexicon. I said goodbye and tried not to accidentally intersect paths with them again. I sat alone in the park and sipped on my energy drink, while pointing at the ducks and geese and calling them gay.

You can know a lot about a person from the drugs they take. What they got called in school, if their parents divorced, their perception of their body, the status of their relationships, their general amount of suffering. I'm an anxious sped with a sort of perpetual anhedonia, so obviously I prefer weed and stimulants. Far from enhancing my individual flourishes, it helps to flatten out my subconscious into a presentable form to the people around me. I become a little less myself, and I rejoice. This is the stuff that forms a society. From the highest, most abstract levels of society and economic activity, your own desires become transformed by the machine and your body and self become foreign to you. This is all extensively documented in Benjamin Fong's *Quick Fixes*, but in short, there has been a line of succession of drugs sold as remedies to social transformation: the coffeehouse in line with the factory, amphetamines and the stock exchange, analgesics and the gig economy. We all want to be happy, focused, free of pain, but you are being hurt, ritualistically, forever. The promise of the 650 billion dollar industry of drugs in America is that you can be made normal again. You can tap the mass mind and become artificial like the rest of us. In fact, no one is doing this more than Americans: "American drug use today is truly world historical. At 4 percent of the earth’s population, Americans consume 80 percent of its opioids, including 99 percent of its hydrocodone, and 83 percent of its attention deficit hyperactivity disorder (ADHD) medications." The fruits that empire has granted are no more exemplified anywhere else than the ability to become numb, and a propensity to mental sickness.

I am a victim of psychic terrorism. I am attacked on a routine basis through a spiritual medium known colloquially as the SSRI, upheld by the patriarch authority of the FDA and the maternal authority of my psychiatrist. I don't need to go into the typical procedures of taking SSRIs since you're likely already on them, so I will compress: I have been on sertraline (Zoloft), bupropion (Wellbutrin), and escitalopram (Lexapro), for at least three months respective to each. I have felt no effect from any of them, or rather, they have actively worsened my life. They have inspired a unique hopelessness in my soul in getting better. My lack of effects seemed to only be a bulwark to my depression. This occurred because there is no correlation between neurotransmitter density and mood change. You can empty out someone's neurotransmitters like Greek humors and it will not affect their mood. In fact, there are drugs which do exactly that, and are associated

with antidepressant effects. SSRIs are effective for most, so I don't want to send the message out that they are worthless, because they are certainly not, but, genuinely, truthfully, they are placebos with side effects. As someone who has never gotten the intended placebo effect, this is maddening. To be told repeatedly that your dose just needs to be increased, or you just need to wait for longer, wait months for the treatment to kick in, repeatedly, new extra months for each medication, when the dose-response curve is *flat*, and, obviously, there is no effect of time because there is *no effect to build up*, makes me feel as though I am being turned into a cockroach. Worse, I'm not even sure if my psychiatrist knows its a placebo! The mythology of the SSRI is so thoroughly engrained into psychopharmacology that even the psychiatrist believes in the healing powers of serotonin. And so, I have to prostrate myself in front of my psychiatrist, be made guilty for not being cured, all for the possibility of being placed on a different placebo. On the US market, there's 5 SSRIs available, 11 tricyclics, 7 SNRIs, 11 MAOIs, and 9 atypical antidepressants, so given a trial time of three months, it should only take about 11 years to get through them all, to really say whether or not they work. Only 10 years to go!

According to Brian Hayden's *The Power of Ritual in Prehistory*, within the hunter-gatherer societies on the American Northwest Coast, the shamans were said to make their fellow men sick in order to extort them for cures. The Bella Coola and Kwakwaka'wakw secret society performers would soul-trap onlookers and then make them pay in order to have their spirit returned to them. The Kwakwaka'wakw performer would look at you through beady wooden bird eyes, covered in red-dyed shredded cedar bark, dancing along to the steady thrumming of a deer hide drum while the beak of their mask claps, yelling out "Hap! Hap! Hap! Hap!" ("Eat! Eat! Eat! Eat!"). A kind of comfort can be taken in knowing that if the performer fucks it up, if the masks collide with each other on the floor, if the dancer has absolutely no rhythm at all, that he too will be punished, if not killed. The secret is as consequential to those within the secret society as it is to those outside it. But the power balance is very clear. The ones without knowledge of the secret (or rather, those not allowed to have knowledge of it) are the hapless victims to the proto-CIA terroristic secret societies, instilled with an ideology of horror or punished with violence for resisting it, whose core raison dêtre is the extraction of power and wealth from a community. I think you know what I'm going to say, but this is really not very different from today. In fact, the concentration of power within states has become so extreme that it has become far, far worse. States have always inspired fear of themselves in their populace, of course, but America really only started using the secret as an implement of state control towards the end of WW2, during the development of the atomic bomb. The scale of the project—thousands of workers, Nazi emigres, world-destruction—is truly insane given the amount of secrecy that was able to be maintained. Almost no-one working in the project knew its full scope. The state suddenly and immediately gained the ability to play god to the public and those working on it alike. Now, almost every competent state upholds its authority with the threat that it can and will end absolutely everything, forever, that its dead hands will rain death on ersatz-hell for all time. The total success of the project acted as the catalyst to a new age of anti-information, where the American state has become a completely opaque actor. Its true intentions and knowledge are unknown. The public is selectively allowed to know things, like how they psychologically torture both suspects and innocents, or how they know absolutely everything about you, specifically. It's not surprising that shock and awe was first put to a name by students of the National Defense University specifically for application by the US military. The use of the secret and the spectacle in tandem is one of the most crude and primordial forms of power that has existed, that is used both internally and externally, that is more absolute than any authority that can be named. But there is at least comfort in knowing that to victims of secret societies in prehistory, their shamans likely felt omnipotent and all-powerful as well, when ultimately, they were just men in masks.

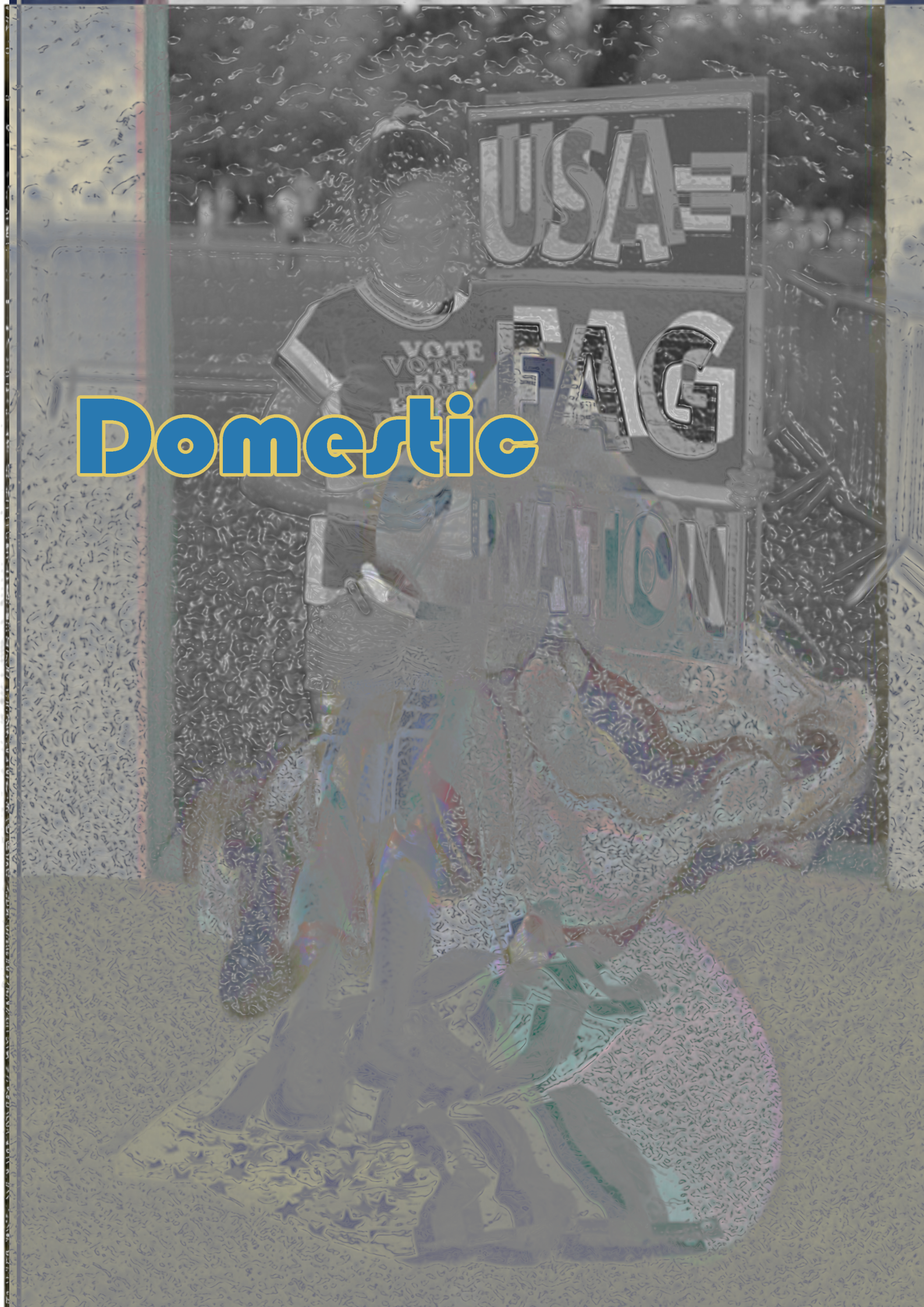
Anti-information need not necessarily hide anything. In fact, it can achieve its goals just as handily by proliferating mass amounts of data, opinions, truths, lies, images, references, noise. Recently, Geoff Lewis, a 'prominent OpenAI investor,' has begun schizobabbling about the non-governmental system that utilizes 'soft compliance delays' and 'inverts signals' to 'suppress recursion' and discredit people as unstable. You become reframed by the narrative into invisibility. He says this all in a video which is obviously entirely scripted by ChatGPT. What's going on here? It would be easy to say that this occurred because LLMs have no concept of truth and untruth and thus sort of believe everything and will affirm whatever concept brought to them, which is true. But I think beyond truth, LLMs are inherently machines that have schizophrenia, as well as being schizophrenia machines. Meaning, to an LLM, only exists in references to sigils, which they themselves are references to other sigils, and so on forever. Différance is their only way in which to create assertions about reality. A non-schizophrenic differs from this, as they have an element of agency, the ability to make value judgements on different lines of thought, a sort of anchoring that is innate to being an independent being from others. But to become schizophrenic, to become an LLM, is to abandon your own discontinuity from others and the world, and see every reference, every trace, every haunting, with no preference. Most schizophrenics come upon the same generally correct worldview. There actually is an invisible system which sorts people algorithmically into inclusion and exclusion, it's called society, and it's the most insidious human invention that has ever been created. 9/11 actually was mass ritual, it was just more improv than planned routine. And this becomes very scary, because suddenly you know the secret, and you are not allowed to, and you know what happens to people who find out. They're coming for you already. But these things aren't really secrets. They only become forbidden knowledge in a reality of information where there is no transparency, where everything obfuscates everything else, where knowing anything is in itself a sort of impossibility.

IN CONCLUSION: We live in the cacophony. My psychiatrist holds a sort of ancient power over me by spreading the myth of the SSRI. Any society which holds the power to create nukes should inspire so much infamy that the collective weight of their neighbor societies returns them to prehistorical conditions. The American state is a terrorist organization, and I wish nothing more than for its dissolution. I could give the pretension of believing in this only to the extent that I believe in a better future, but truly, the American polity is a historical aberration that must be swept into the sea without regard for what comes after. Ideally, there will never be a center of power on the American continents again.

> One potential golem encounter may have occurred in the 1980s, during CIA's famous experiments with necrocommunications. With electronic signals increasingly vulnerable to Soviet intercepts, the Agency briefly went low-tech: field agents would be issued with a KL-7 offline non-reciprocal rotary encryption machine, a small candle, and a Ouija board. All communications to base would be delivered (in code) via Ouija; a team of receivers at base would use their own Ouija board to pick up the communications routed through the world of the dead. Necrocommunications was highly secure and had the benefit of allowing a field agent to be debriefed from absolutely anywhere in the world without the need for any uplink infrastructure, but there were some initial problems. At first, signals were communicated via deceased Agency men, beloved old station chiefs, but their spirits were strangely uninterested in continuing to transmit reports about heroin shipments in Laos or Soviet troop movements in Afghanistan once they'd crossed over. They kept trying to pass on messages to their loved ones; most of all, they wanted to warn younger agents: don't die with regrets, don't die with bloodstained

hands, you still have time, you must be forgiven. This mournful chorus threatened to make the entire network unusable, so CIA began to deliberately station more reliable assets within the world of the dead. Candidates for this placement would have to fit a very narrow profile: childless, unmarried, fiercely patriotic, and boundlessly ambitious. Successful entrants would be given a significant promotion and a commensurate bump in wages, along with a list of KL-7 authentication codes to memorise, and a small cyanide pill. Their post in the grey lands beyond sleep would last for a month or so, at which point the encryption key would change and a new candidate would have to be selected: before long, the Agency had developed an Aztec-like fervour for sacrificing its own middle management. The programme as a whole was hurriedly cancelled in 1986 after the disastrous Baselerstraße raid, in which a covert ops team failed to stop the Stasi exfiltration of the fugitive American radical Aminatu Nzumbi to East Berlin. Necrocommunications with both the ops team and the spirit assigned to the operation yielded only a series of cruel, gloating, and—most worryingly—*identical* statements. Eventually it was discovered that CIA had not, in fact, been communicating with the shades of its dead assets at all, but that the stochastic word-generating processes in both the KL-7 offline non-reciprocal rotary encryption machine and the Ouija board had brought into immanence a being made of pure language that CIA, as a matter of national security, refuses to name or even conceptualise, since it is thought to be present in every instance of its own name, but which is unofficially known as Omega. It is understood that the interests of Omega do not coincide with those of the United States; the best working theory is that it protected Nzumbi to allow her to create the two books of poetry she published in East Germany before the collapse of the Eastern Bloc and her assassination. (Possession of any of her poetry is a federal offence.) To this day, Omega is considered the greatest security threat facing the democratic world, which is why intelligence agencies are now mostly staffed by nonverbal autistics.

A footnote from *The Cacophony*, Sam Kriss



Domestic

July 29

How are you feeling? Oh, I'm doing good. It was nice, I mean, meeting your friends and everything. It was funny. You have good friends. Yeah, they're all I have! I want to slam your skull against the dashboard and watch your hot metallic blood stain the driver's seat of your dad's sedan. I'm just staring at your face but I always do that. But this is real, actualized power. That you can't know my real intentions. That you could never consent to my own imagination, to my masturbation to your rape stories, the divide we had over text, it still exists, in my head, right now. Our discontinuity, the stuff of all conflict, violence, and horror. I'm staring at you but all I can see is your throat. We're on some dark road. I don't really know where we are. So, you're going into work tomorrow? Yeah. I feel retarded. Unable to talk. Unable to think. Humming, bumping, continuing, enduring, I feel like if I don't do something, say something, I'm going to pass out in this car, and when I wake up this feeling in my stomach will be gone, and my authority will be removed, and it's all kayfabe again. My righteous indignation. Like I've been waiting, watching, seeing when I could finally confirm the grand conspiracy I've always known. It wasn't even that big a deal. I know she would say that. I could call her he before but when I was in there, I don't know, I got scared I guess. I feel like such a fag in this skirt. Hairy legs. Crossie. Too many eyes on me. Too mature. I felt like a kid. Foreign to the mature world where ownership is implied instead of desperately grabbed at. Loathe. How could you just use her and not take responsibility? Him. There's some shit playing on the stereo and its messing up my train of thought. Noisy guitars and breakcore or some shit with a white boy rapping over it oh I know this guy yeah I'm sure you do big scene here huh, yep. I feign the motions I've internalized over the course of hundreds of hours on my phone but the Twitter feed just passes over my eyes, bright colors, text. Doesn't parse. Maybe it'll all pass over. I'll get on the plane, in a couple days, maybe, sex? That's basically what I came here for anyways. Clearly she wants it too, I mean, I don't know, I wasn't going to fuck her the first night, but he wanted it so badly that. She's not saying anything and it's kinda pissing me off but I don't really know what to say so I say, hey, uh, can we pull over? What? Yeah it's an emergency. Sorry. I have to piss. We can just, no, really, just pull over please. I *really* have to piss. Haha. The car comes to a stop on the side of a somewhat suburban street. There's almost no lights on though, I guess its gotten pretty late. As soon as I step out of the car I realize that I actually do need to piss, the weight of my bladder suddenly hitting me. My legs are still somewhat sweaty and sticky and itchy from walking in the heat earlier. But the haygrass swaying on them feels natural. Lanky fingers still warm caressing my coarse hairs. They appreciate it. It still feels unnatural outside the car, like I'm still in some dreamlike haze, I mean, maybe I am. I should be some thousand miles away from home, but it doesn't feel any different, just some reconstruction of a foreign environment from fragments of home life. I've always known this place, this face, I mean, no matter how much I look at her, it blurs and bends. Like I can't remember it unless I'm looking at it. It feels like that everywhere here. When I'm home again, what will I remember? Just this feeling of unrealized potential? Regret of action and regret of inaction are distinct. One is obviously better. It's only as my bladder empties into the side of the road do I realize how tired I am. "Exhausted emotionally." Annoying way to put it. I pull off my skirt and it hangs like a carcass in front of me. On my walk to work every day, I'd see the same roadkill over and over. I guess I would've expected someone to pick it up eventually, but every morning, I would just see it there again, more decomposed, more flies and then less flies, until it was just a pile of brown tread-stained fur. Can I drive? I think she knows something is wrong, because she pauses and just sort of looks at me, but I say it's just been a while and I think it'd be fun and sort of internally cringe. Still hiding. I nauseatingly put on

the hide, thirteen doilies covering my loose dick. I pass by her on the way to the driver's('?) seat. How easy it would be, but not for me, right? Too anxious, too neurotic, too much of a pushover, too young, autistic, pathetic, sad. A wave of light-headedness passes over my frontal lobe as I feel the engine respond to my foot, suddenly an actor, changing reality through my movements. In control, and I decompress into the seat a little, but my mouth twitches. It's some SUV, her dad's, or something, Tool sticker and everything, and it makes me feel better about everything, to have her in the passenger seat, me driving. She said earlier how cringe it is that I like Joy Division and The Cure or whatever because its music her dad likes okay. I have to look at her phone still, no clue where I am, it's embarrassing, but it's not like she really knows where we're going either, it's equal, I guess. Fifteen minutes. My eyes sort of squint. Do you like me? Uhm, yeah? Of course. I like you Ada. Why do you like me? Without the music playing, it's just the rhythmic beating of the road around us, tempo slowly increasing. You're funny, and like... you talk with a certain authority about things you like. You're passionate. Why are you asking me now? I guess I was just, ahem, uh, curious? My body has a new weight to it. My foot on the pedal, um, no, I'm sort of, I've just been thinking about us. I really like you. My lungs are killing me. Or my heart. I just always wanted to, have you. The words aren't coming out right, like I know exactly what's wrong but can't put it into words. She looks uncomfortable. Probably because I'm going 80 but I'm just thinking about a lot right now, okay? She could never understand. What it was like, standing aside, like a pillar forced to watch, like a pillar I've always been and she has never been. The center of attention. Raped multiple times. Not that it's like, I mean, y'know. It's obvious why. When we went into the gas station the other day, and the attendant called her cute, I wanted to go out into the parking lot and run myself over with her car. Some other guy working at a gas station, talking about her Evangelion shirt. Everyone's seen Evangelion! The way her friends look at her like a child. Then what does that make me? Just a boxcutter? She brings it to my attention that the speed number is bigger than two digits which is bad, is she sniffling? I almost laugh but part of me realizes that would make me look crazy! So I hold it in. When just a few days ago, I was there, whimpering and crying, after I told her my dad would always scare me when we drove. He's just always been really anxious. But one of his tires would go and, I don't know, I'd just have to sit in the passenger seats while he has a meltdown. She thought it would be funny to go a hundred. It's not very funny! It's not very funny! I laugh. But I'm worried about the cops or something so I lock the doors and slow down. Apparently the doors were already locked, I don't know, I've never really had a car. But it kind of freaks her out and I start to feel light again, up from my wrists, down my chest, up to my eyes. That feeling was the only reason I came here to begin with, why we really dated at all. She likes cutting herself, I like the feeling of telling her to cut herself, moreso even than the jerking off that would usually accompany it. There would be multiple points where I'd be at my keyboard, and just hyperventilating, ecstatic, the things I got her to do, the things I said, it felt so good. Better than just an orgasm that I had already felt a million times throughout my life. I got her to tear up her passport on camera just some days ago, and she almost immediately regretted it, but I mean, I barely needed to tell her to do it. Very willing. A "dog." But that's kind of all there was. It all, in some way, connected back to this manic-erotic dimension. This was the whole reason we talked, this was the whole reason I came, and I can see it on her face that she's also aware of this. But I start to get scared and feel weird like maybe we're not going to get to the apartment so I say I'm sorry I'm just stressed which is true the second part not the first. I breathe for the first time and as I look at her she just looks lost, confused. I have a lot to say but um, just when we get to the apartment. She nods. Okay. Telling me to calm down. Yeah. I don't really want to push it so I just look ahead. Same feeling as before again. It feels nice to be doing something though. Handling something. The wheel and pedals are a strong form of body-mind interface. Sometimes I forget if my foot is on the brake or gas, and I just press down in hopes that my mind in communication with the machine will enact the desired outcome into reality. The darkness in

front of us fills the car, I'm still using her phone but I think she's just looking out the window anyways. Not a lot to see. I don't really know if I'd prefer for her to love or hate me. Somewhere in-between, maybe, some type of undesired-but-ever-present love, tsundere archetype gf that you RAPE and she loves it because she's a foid and she makes all those cute noises that sound like getting hurt and afterwards she just sort of shrugs and says whatever. I get hard thinking about her moans but I don't think I could really touch her, not right now. These black trees and houses and cement are not really erotic. And I hate her. I loathe her. So touched, and perfect. She "used to be fat," but like, okay, she's not now? It seems like an insult to even bring it up. Look at how far I've progressed from your age and improved! Look at how I make your impossible self-image possible! I think she's a hundred and twenty pounds or something. Apparently she knows that sixty pounds can determine the entire outcome of your life but it's like she barely thinks about it. You can't habitually hurt someone if you don't hate them a little. And I hate her. The clothes, the genetics, the way she acts, god, the way she acts. Begging to be hurt. It's really pitiable and insufferable. I don't think I could take it from anyone else. But for her, I'm more than willing to actualize her desires. To get back at her friends, who all care for her so much that they use her as a fleshlight. To get back at her. And I am a threat, who tells her to do things she would already do, who just tells her what she already tells herself. Do you blame the wind tunnel when it calls you a faggot back? They shouldn't dislike me for that. They should dislike me for what I'm about to do. My mouth begins to form a noise, tongue against my palate, maybe a "dh," but I don't want to fill this silence. It's not my responsibility. If she wanted to know something about me, she would ask. And she never asks. So, it's fine. The black trees pass and are replaced with streetlights. Rays of light on her prepubescent facial hair. I remember my home screen background and cringe and look away. Did I do something wrong? Usually she would phrase a question like this as "do you hate me?" so clearly something is off. A dozen potential answers indeterminably meander around without any proper conclusion. No: it's not your fault, I don't know what I'm doing here, I'm here to save you, to redeem you, I need you. Yes: I can barely stand to look at you, I was never here for you, you're just as bad as the people you surround yourself with, you allow yourself to be used, you use other people as a means to be a victim, when you love it, you fucking slut. Maybe: no one's really at fault, this was just the destined ordering of things, you were always fated for this, first to be a toy for your friends, then to be taken by someone who wanted you more than them, I mean, what did you expect? Let's just talk about it when we get to the apartment. Smiles. I'm fading fast though so I sort of want a Monster. But I don't want this interlude to last any longer than it has to. Do you know what's going to happen? It's easy to scare her, but it's hard to really feel like its genuine. Since it's so easy. She looks a little scared though. Her face is kind of parsing, I think she's trying to tell if this is kayfabe or real, like, maybe this is a cringey attempt to turn her on. Or maybe I'm going to do something really bad. It's almost the last day. If a tranny gets beaten or raped or killed a thousand miles away, did it really happen? If I don't do anything, did I really come here, and meet her, was I ever in love with her? Humming, humming, humming. Did she ask me something? I can't remember. My brain just refreshed. As soon as the fog clears, I'm still driving, it's still night, as we go over a pothole she shakes in her seat. She says what? I don't remember the context. Nevermind. I wish I could put my hand on her thigh. Why can't I? I can't put my hand on her thigh because she'll probably resist, and even though she's weak, I mean, weaker than me, I don't think I could really get good leverage in this car. She'd probably just get upset, and if I tried to keep touching her, I'd end up running us off the road. Maybe there's a threat there, if you don't let me touch you, I'm going to kill both of us. But I don't know how to phrase it with my hands and this car, even though I feel there should be a way to signal this thought. A gun to the forehead isn't that different from the passenger seat. We'd sometimes watch shows or movies or whatever but more often it was easier, funnier, more stimulating and erotic to just put on a car crash compilation. It was easy. Some of them were really funny. The pure energy created and

squandered to no purpose, just a spectacle of destruction. I imagined her in the car a lot, her body getting pierced thirty different ways by chromium girders and safety glass, a pile of roadkill on the side of the road, decaying more and more every day, until she's indistinguishable from any other corpse, her clothes caked with mud and darkened brown blood and black tread marks. A Neolithic spectacle. I'd get hard. My dick used to work better only a couple of weeks ago. But I'd get hard and I'd ask her to cut herself and ruin her body forever. It's the closest I could get. Now I'm in a car with her. But maybe it's selfish but I just can't kill myself like that, or, I just don't want to hurt myself. I don't like pain. I've never cut myself or seriously considered any suicide option. A little carspotting. I hate myself, and I'm very impulsive, but my impulses are only towards pleasure, at least short-term. Base pleasures. Food, sex, whatever. On my right hand, in between my thumb and my pointer finger, I have this callus developed over the course of maybe eight years now, from compulsively creating that callus on my hand. It hurts to create it, I don't know how to describe the action, just moving some excess skin around, but that's how I imagine self-harm must feel, kind of good in some way. Growing pains. No one could bear doing something that is only painful. If someone asked me to continue my callus, I would, and I wouldn't think they were harming me. It's nice to perform for someone in a way that has a cost. It makes it meaningful. My last relationship, it was meaningless sex, I don't remember any of it. It was only made meaningful by our constant leaving and getting back together, and my kissing of her best friend. I wasn't really attracted to either of them, but I wanted to be. I want to love one person forever, and have that person only love me. Is that so wrong? Is it so hard to tell your friends no? To fuck around is to betray the idea that desire and love can ever truly unite two people, can make the discontinuous one whole again. This then is the power she holds over me, that classical female power of desire over the male power of violence. But my violence was never real. Consensual non-consent is still consented to even if consent is never mentioned or made verbally. I only know this because when that consent was broken, she usually threatened me with my access to her. It's always an unfair system. Psionically raped at all times while my desperate attempts are made rape. You're supposed to just accept that some violence is acceptable and some isn't. Like I haven't done that my whole life. I've tried to accept it. Yes, I deserve this alienation, because I'm slightly too many pounds, slightly too uncomfortable in conversations, slightly too much of a fuckup. Who would want a son like this? A friend like this? Boyfriend? I'm so sorry. I'll remove myself and rot forever because I had the displeasure of being born retarded. My mom was doing bong rips while she was pregnant, what was I supposed to do? She didn't tell me that though. My dad did, saying, there were actually some studies out at the time that it increased your child's IQ, that they were selflessly maximizing my human capital, and that it turned out to be true! smiles. I'm a tranny on lexapro but thanks dad. My foot starts to cramp a little since I guess it's been a while since I've driven but it's starting to look a little more familiar. We're almost home. In this part of the city you can't really see any stars, even on a dark night like this. No north star. But there's gas stations and I can't really forget that 7/11. The first mental map I gather whenever I come anywhere is a route between gas stations, like a traveler through the steppe that knows each trade depot by heart. It's not really that serious. I just like sweet drinks. Sweet things. Simple tastes. On account of my bourgeois family I've been to a lot of perverted food places but it's all just sort of a gross waste for an illusion of Europe. Gross vegetable whatevers, oily duck, fatty undercooked steak. I'm an American. I have simple tastes. On the first day I got here, we got burgers from In-N-Out before we had anal sex. I don't know, I just think it's funny. Helps me calm down to think about that. Even when I was with my cis girlfriend, I'd always prefer anal. Pussy is just disgusting. Xenomorph Junji Ito body horror shit. In porn and r34 it's a lot easier to get into it, it's flat, there's no depth. But in real life I really couldn't stand looking at it, let alone touching, smelling, licking. Folds and slime molds. I told her I liked eating out her ass more than her cunt and it's like it stunlocked her. Your mouth is just another entry to your digestive tract too. People are always so judgmental. You think you trust

someone enough to lose your virginities together but then it's all made a farce. When I was in middle school some of the girls would come up to me and say hi and start laughing and it was just some mocking game but it really wears on a person. Your existence made a joke. Well, I'm sure they'll all be laughing now.

When we start to pull into the driveway of the Airbnb she tears her phone from the air cooler mounted dock and keeps the light illuminating her face. It's kind of a confusing space here. You drop 4k on a room and you expect it to be legible but it's some basically-hotel-studio thing surrounded by forty others. My only other option under 8k was some place that reminded me of my childhood bedroom. Hobby Lobby school of interior design. I put the car in park and I'm nervey again. I've probably been shaking the whole time but it's like piano recitals. It's worse when you get out of the car. She's still looking at her phone and it's so annoying. Probably talking to one of her friends, some victim thing. It relieves some pressure though. From her. One inch is really all the difference in the world. I'm wearing platforms to exacerbate it which is embarrassing but really I don't even need to. "Whoever is shorter has to become the others rapemeat forever!" It feels miles away now. Back at home. Through a screen, one inch is all it takes, it's just a number that can be bigger than another number. Maybe she's making an ironic tweet about me that I'll see next time I look at my phone. I love when my bpd gf starts acting like some superhero villain or some shit I don't know I don't watch shows! The air feels a lot cooler, there's a bit of a breeze, my skin is still sticky though, like there's barbs in it. My senses are heightened. I'm awake. I was worried I wouldn't be angry by this point, just remorseful, accepting, but I am still angry. I just know she's going to look at her phone into the apartment, into bed, into the next day. Delay and delay and delay until the issue disappears. Your mom got too drunk so you're hiding in the hotel bathroom on your phone. Your dad is sperging out at a gas station so you just sit in the passenger seat and look away. Approaching the door and not really sure what to say. Cold handle. Bright lights. It's just like piano recitals. Haven't I been practicing for this? Here we are in the magic circle again. It's appealing in the same way a hotel is, where there's a certain enjoyment in destroying the illusion of sanitation. Well it's a lot like a hotel. Made me feel awkward about the whole thing when we first got here. Like I cheaped out. Just embarrassing. It's small, bedroom and a bathroom and kitchenette. Everything is some shade of white. There's a door to the neighboring apartment, I think, inside this one. You can kind of hear all the neighbors. It intrudes on the fantasy. I think she says, I'm going to take a shower, mumbling under her breath and quickly closing herself behind the door of the bathroom. Putting it out into the air for herself. It hurts, but I can see the future. I've never really had free will, even when I can tell things are about to happen. Your body acts independently from your mind, you just find ways to internalize your body actions as yourself. I just calculate on my neuroses and see the thread of fate. I'm usually sad about it. This time, I don't know. I'm hard again. I go beside the foot of the master bed and look through my used clothes on the floor. The light makes the bundled up cover sheet on the floor look ridden with piss. All the fabric is damp with a layer of sweat, made cold and wet under the air conditioning. I can hear the shower start to run through the wall. I untie my troon shoes and take off my troon skirt and consider taking off my boyshorts, and do. My Goreshit tee can stay on. I really only brought so much. Not really a sense of fashion yet. Have always been a latecomer to self-aesthetic stuff like that. Hard when you're still waiting to live in your body. The main smell in here is still the burger and fries, filling the room again by the shower's humidity. It's thick and living. Ripened with age. I put on some boxers and my milsurp camo pants, real American military shit, some kid's soul probably still living in them. I look at my phone and its only a bit past ten. Before I came I'd always kind of joke about preparing with duct tape and bleach and stuff. Talking about how I'd waterboard her. I

think she agreed to it, hard to remember now, pretty sure she did. But I really only brought clothes and my safety razor. And TSA hassled me enough about that. I see the light melting in the bottle of lube on the bedside table and, quietly, open the drawer. Not sure what I'm looking for exactly. I see her progesterone, that's about it. I'm not really a kleptomaniac. Looking through her bag now. The one time I stole something, I was peer pressured into taking one of those Hug barrels from my teacher, she had them in her room for a class party in a couple days. I didn't like them. They're just pure cancer. But I wanted those guys to like me. In the main pocket, next to some needles and clothes, there's a boxcutter. No surprise there. I can barely feel it in my pocket. Still running. I pass the bathroom door like its my parents bedroom late at night and make sure the front door is locked. Have to make sure I can play it cool. Not a child having a tantrum. I ruffle my hair. The grease feels thick on my hand. Hard to really think in here. The gravity is dense and even walking feels difficult. I've been trying so hard for so long and it feels like I have barely anything left to give. I try to amp myself up. I'm doing autistic shit with my hands in front of the bathroom door, punching, shaking, but I stop when I start thinking about if she could see me now. When I was seven or eight, my sister and some of her friends were changing to go swimming in their room. They were in there with my dog, I remember one of them being like, it feels wrong with it watching, it's a guy, right? I was crouched on the floor in front of their door, watching under the space between the door and the floor. My mom found me and said something like, hey, they're changing, don't do that. Kind of half-hearted. I guess I was just born like this. In that case, I'm just claiming my birth right. My hand feels slimey on the handle of the bathroom door. I begin turning the handle, and start to begin the thought process of hesitating since it might be locked. But it's not. There's no resistance. Ada? When I'm stressed, I'm not really sure how fast to walk. In my periphery, I can see myself in the mirror, but when I look it's all blurry. She's looking at me through the shower curtain and trying to grab a towel, but she can't really reach. I walk up to her and pull back the shower curtain, it almost takes her to the ground. She's always been weak. Ada? She looks really scared now. But I'm not really a violent person. I punched a person for the first time a few days ago and it was her. Never got into any fights. I step in the shower as she cowers against the wall. Should've taken my socks off. I want to be clothed for this though. Ada? I grab her arms and her skin feels so soft in my hands. I can barely tell if she's yelling. It's all covered up by the stacatto water hitting tile. It's always relieved my stress to hear that noise. Sleeping to it while I should've been cleaning off my acne and sweat before school. I can finally see her face again. Her eyes are so dark I can't see myself in them. Almost blonde hair made brown in the water. Thin eyebrows, thin lips, like a fetal alcohol syndrome baby. Her whole body still looks fourteen. Even after thinking so long about the word's I'd say, I can only see her in my head. My mouth opens, parsing some word I can recur a sentence out of, she closes her eyes and turns her head away from me and I can feel her start to actually resist a little, her thin arms and hundred pound body trying to push back double its weight. I actually have to use a lot of force, and I say something like, stop, hard to hear myself, when she tries to move, and slips on the wet tub, and falls backwards. Tumbling down. Caught on her body like netting. She screams and her skull slams against the bath's faucet. I'm so sorry. The first day was nice. The second too, probably better. It felt like it could work, really, shockingly normal. It feels so dumb now. I pull myself up from her stomach and see a stream of blood collecting in the drain. The first time I've actually seen it in-person. She looks like roadkill. Over the course of months you meet a person, and slowly get closer, weave into their friends, adapt your personality and appearance, your mannerisms change, you talk more and more, you set up a weeks long trip, all for a body. And here's her body, inert. It feels so dumb now. I feel her head in my hands, and the hair matted with blood. It was always dumb. Hard to breathe. I hate myself for it, but all I want is for her to tell me it's okay. Like some retarded mom complex. I've wanted this for so long. It's all I could think of. Just tell me it's going to be okay before you go. It's not like I want to be weak. I tried to romanticize it for so long.

Trying to make every woman I meet my mom. Just more gross expectations people didn't ask for. But I can't help it. My tears just join with the hot water running down her face. So useless. My hands numb reach for my pocket and I feel like a child too young to control its body yet. I extend the razor out and try to focus my eyes on it but it just blurs into her. God, I'm so sorry. I rest her head on the side of the tub, posing her like a delicate doll. My spine is melting. I can only convulse into her stomach. I hate how pretty she still looks. I rip up her skin with the blade of the boxcutter. I hate you, but please kill me. Her stomach, her legs, her dick. I wanted to kill you, but please kill me. If she was alive, I would write something, but I can't make letters, just long cuts. I wanted to degrade you, but please kill me. Just a kid destroying their own sand castle. I wanted to make you feel shame, but please kill me. It's so pathetic. I wanted to be in your skin, but please kill me. I pick up her hand and give her the boxcutter. Please kill me. I don't know what to do. Please kill me. Please kill me. Please kill me. Please kill me. Please kill me. Please kill me. Please kill me. Please kill me. Please kill me.

domestic

A Thanks to the Sponsors

THERE is no one creator of a work, there is only a culmination of traces, which an artist cruelly transforms into something unrecognizable for the sake of their own vanity. Every work of art should come with an apology. Here is mine:

If you thought anything I wrote was important or prescient, then you should read *America* by Jean Baudrillard. It's one of his most legible works and was the inspirational impetus for this entire project. as well as the primary reference point for various articles (*Losers*, *Somnambulic Violence*).

If you enjoyed any of my sensory religious explorations or, really, any of the subject matter here as decsribed by the smug essay or screed, then you should read Sam Kriss. In particular, *What is Europe?* and *Manky Stuff* are two of his finest artcles and served as inspiration for everything here, but particularly *Somnambulic Violence* and *Untitled 3 (Schizophrenia)*.

If you enjoy peripheral visions of necrotic society and profuse sexual dysfunction, then you should read Porpentine Charity Heartscape. Read *Serious Weakness*. After you've read *Serious Weakness*, come back and read everything here again, as it was required reading.

Thank you,

- Mother
- Father
- My myriad girlfriends of all times
- Particularly, Greer
- And my editor
- All subversive actors
- All organizations designated terrorist
- All with the desire to abolish the present state of things
- Scribus 1.6.4
- The Internet Archive, my last hope
- My friends, without which I would keep my thoughts to myself
- My enemies, without which I wouldn't have thoughts
- Tweakers, drug addicts, sodomites
- Postmodernists, liars, ideologues, larpers, pseuds
- Hearts of Iron IV, not for being good, but for being not good enough
- All drugs which have made this process more pleasant
- Sex, indulgence, tears
- *Ghostbox Cowboy*
- Anna's Archive, my other last hope
- The forgotten, our lumpenproles
- The accursed, wretched, haunted
- Amateur self-publishers and dilettantes, including, of course, myself
- And you, dear reader

... AND ALL GREAT CONQUERORS,
PAST, PRESENT, AND TO COME.